

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD

Bivouacking Near Williamsport—Change of Demeanor in the Citizens—A Touch of Malice in Return—A Brush with the Enemy—Once More “On Ole Virginny Shore”—Reach Winchester—Vicksburg Surrendered—All Across—Smithfield and Front Royal—Again in Motion.

July 7th.—Bivouacking near Williamsport. We have had a stirring day. Passing through Greencastle, where we had so lately flaunted our banners with proud enthusiasm, we found the citizens grouped on the streets, eagerly discussing the “news from Gettysburg,” and illy concealing their exultation over the retreat, if not defeat, of our army.

This feeling, of course, was perfectly legitimate and natural, but I felt like cursing some of the cowardly time-servers who had so cringingly welcomed us upon our advance.

At Hagerstown, the altered demeanor of the citizens was even more marked. Many remarks were made, such as: “*What’s your hurry—anybody behind, eh?*” or “*didn’t get what you came for, did you?*” One old hag, leaning out of the window of her hovel, yelled after us: “Oh, yis, ye louzy Revelscallims—rin right home til yer dirty holes of yiz! Shure an old Mister Meade is afther yes an’ he’ll *scortch* yer hides an be dom’t till ye!” Somewhat similar “scortching” compliments greeted us, or followed us from every corner, for the taunts were generally fired at our backs.

I confess to feeling distinctly nettled at this treatment, especially in a town, which by geographical location and association ought to have warmly sympathized, if not affiliated, with us. Therefore, it was not without a feeling of “*malice prepense and evil aforethought*” as the legal phrase runs—that I took occasion while resting in